

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY. - - - - - KANSAS

THE ALPHABET ILLUSTRATED.

- A is for Apple. How small boys delight
To stand 'round an apple and beg for a bite!
The Apple. O
- B is for Ball. It is used in a game
To capture gate money. How base is its aim!
The Ball. O
- C is for Cup. When it's filled with hot tea
The women gossip it. They're fond of
The Cup. O
- D is for Dollar. A Dollar, you know,
Is round. That's the reason it rolls away so.
The Dollar. S
- E is for Egg. It is laid by a hen.
When fresh, soft and cracked it resembles
The Egg. O
- F is for Fishhook. This fisherman prize,
If they had no fish-hook they couldn't tell lies.
The Fishhook. J
- G is for Goblet. Some people, alas,
Get very red noses who gaze in this glass.
The Goblet. O
- H is for Hand. A Hand costs a lot
When some other fellow can rake in the pot.
The Hand. S
- I is for Ice. Like a poor joke,
Its point is transparent and easily broken.
The Ice. V
- J is for Jackstraws. This little game serves
To strengthen your patience and steady your
The Jackstraws. HHHH
- K is for Key. 'Tis a whist key that looks
The door of a prison as tight as a box.
The Key. O
- L is for Line. Some statesmen (?) may wish
The lines they have written were dropped to
The Line. —
- M is for Marbles. They have to be small,
Or else little boys couldn't 'em at all.
The Marbles. O O O
- N is for Note. It makes one feel blue
To know that to-morrow there's one falling
due.
The Note. I. O. U.
- O is for Orange. An orange farm pays
The sellers. The buyers but mortgages
The Orange. O
- P is for Poker. Your mother-in-law
Should give you the poker if ever you
draw.
The Poker. O
- Q is for Question. First question the pop:
Then pop of the question before you can
stop.
The Question. ?
- R is for Ring. The ring we like best
Comes out of the dinner bell when we're
The Ring. O
- S is for Stars. They all scintillate true,
And, pardon the jest-out, men ain't till late,
too.
The Stars. *
- T is for Tacks. When they go in your heel
An income tax heavy you probably feel.
The Tacks. T T T
- U is an Umbrella. We're betting a cent
That some one will say it is used up and lent.
The Umbrella. J
- V is a Villain. A villain is bad
And ought to be walloped each day by his
dad.
The Villain. O
- W is for Worm. If on Sunday it's dug
It goes with a fishpole, a man and a jug.
The Worm. O
- X is for X-ample in algebra stands;
It puzzles our brains till our forehead ex-
pands.
The X-ample. A-Y-C-B-X
- Y is for Yacht. 'Hoid H'E gland, you know,
Send over his yacht and so take 'em in
tow.
The Yacht. J
- Z is for Zigzag. Some men who get tight
Know all about zigzags and walk 'em at night.
The Zigzag. Z

"WELCOME."

Why It Is a Family Name Among the Bradshaws.

"It's such an old, old-fashioned name," and Grace Bradshaw, the young mother, stroked the silky hair of the baby in her lap, whose future cognomen was under consideration.

"I know it is," assented Grandma Bradshaw, "but for four generations the eldest son in the Bradshaw family has been Welcome, my husband and my son have borne it, and I confess it is a very pleasant name to me."

"I can't say as much," with a half-laughing pout, "like my Welcome a good deal better than I do his name; and if I had not liked him very much I should never have consented to become Mrs. Welcome Bradshaw for life, that I considered a real test of affection."

"Homely, old-fashioned names, as you call them," replied the old lady, "were more common when I was young, so perhaps I did not think so much about them. My grandfather was Increase, and I had an Uncle Liberty, and an Aunt Silence, while among our neighbors was Free Grace Apprigh and Pardon Brown and Prudence Doty; and to my mind they sound just as well as Claude and Maud, and Lily Bell, and Charles Mortimer, and a lot of new-fashioned names you hear now. But did you ever hear how Welcome came to be a family name among the Bradshaws?"

"Why, no; I supposed it just happened."

"If you never did, I will have to tell you the story as my husband's mother told it to me," and Grandma Bradshaw wiped her glasses and carefully counted the stitches in the baby's sock she was knitting, before she resumed: "When the Bradshaws first came to this country from England, they settled in Stanberry, Mass., and it was there that Asher Bradshaw, the only son and heir of Zennus Bradshaw, was born and grew to manhood. The Bradshaws had not

been poor people at home, and it was a more than comfortable property that young Asher was heir to, lying along the little deep river which bordered his father's wide farm. Their nearest neighbor, whose estate also lay on the river, was Major Cuthbertson, of an old and aristocratic English family, the bricks in whose old Colonial mansion had been brought from England, as well as some of its carved mantelpieces. And every year boxes of goods, lute-strings, taffetas, brocades, flowered dimities, to say nothing of tuckers, ruffles, silk hose, satin shoes and the like came from there, also.

"As tokens of their elegance, it was told among their humbler town-folks that every room in the Major's house was papered, and that at the marriage of Dolly Cuthbertson, the eldest daughter, all the wood they burned that night was first sawed and planed; while once, when the Major was sick, some one going in found the wife sitting beside his bedside crying with her white kid gloves on. In short the Cuthbertsons were regarded as the great family of the neighborhood, and the Bradshaws may be considered next in social rank, and were always on the most friendly terms, while Asher and little Mercy Cuthbertson were playmates from childhood, went together to school taught by the ancient maiden lady at Stanberry Center; hunted in company on holidays for flowers or nuts, as the season might be; and once, when Mercy, missing her footing, fell into the river, Asher, then but a boy, plunged in and saved her at the risk of his own life; all of which seemed to bind their friendship the firmer.

"But, by and by, Mercy began to grow from a child into a tall, slender girl, and then was sent away to school at Boston, while Asher remained at home to fit himself for college under the tutelage of the Stanberry minister. And every time she returned, it seemed to Asher that she was fairer and more stately than before, and a strange shyness and reserve took the place of the old frank comradeship, as he realized that his affection for the child had changed into a love for the woman Mercy. And as for Mercy, when Asher, grown so tall and manly, doffed his hat to her with old-fashioned ceremony, the color would flush her cheeks a deeper pink; and as she courtesied demurely in return, it was with a fluttering of her heart against its satin stomacher, while their talk changed from its former freedom and gaiety, to such formal topics as had he heard whether a ship had lately arrived at Boston from England? or how did she enjoy the poems of Mistress Anne Dudley, the tenth muse which he had lent her? I have seen a miniature of Mercy Cuthbertson, painted at the age when Asher Bradshaw was worshipping her afar off. A delicate, high-bred face, set with a certain proud poise on her slender neck, a dimpled, fine-curved mouth, soft dark eyes, and a fringe of loose curls falling about the broad, white forehead. A picture that proved Asher did not need to regard her with partial eyes to call her beautiful. Of course, though Stanberry was but a small place, it was not without its mild festivities. High teas in the low, Colonial parlors; and now and then a country ball where the beaux in queues, ruffles and small clothes, and the belles in powdered hair and stiff brocades, danced the stately minuet, and where I need hardly say Mercy Cuthbertson, who smiled impartially on all, to the despair of Asher, was never in want of a partner.

"But another and more absorbing subject than poetry and merry-making began to fill the public mind; the first low but portentous murmur of the storm soon to burst, and companies 'Sons of Liberty' began to be formed, and such words as 'taxation' 'equal rights' and 'freedom' began to be often on men's lips. And as the agitation increased and deepened, and lines of feeling became more defined, many an intimacy was sundered, and friendship alienated, and affection quenched, as neighbors found themselves on opposite sides, and too often members of the same household at variance on the great question. Stanberry was no exception to this rule, for Major Cuthbertson had been an officer in the King's army, and counted disloyalty to his Sovereign as almost a sin against Heaven; and Squire Bradshaw held with equal tenacity, that to stand for the defense of the Colonies was the supreme duty of a patriot; while Asher, when the alarm sounded from Concord, hastened to don the Continental uniform, and gather his fellow townsmen into a company.

"During these stirring events he had seen but little of Mercy; but the separation only made her the dearer, and he felt that he could not go out to danger, and it might be to death, without speaking the words of which his heart was full. So, one May evening he walked up to the door of the red-brick house, between the bordering rows of prim, then starry with the white blossoms, and lifted the carved brass knocker on the great door, and was shown through the long hall wainscoted in oak, and with floor and stairs waxed and polished to almost marble-like smoothness and brilliancy, into the parlor where Mercy Cuthbertson, in a pale blue lustering, sat at her spinnet. And so, with the scent of prim and lilac coming in at the window, and the portraits of the proud old Cuthbertsons looking coldly down on him from the walls, Asher Bradshaw told his love.

"And, as Mercy Cuthbertson listened, the blush that had shown itself at first died away, while a light kindled in her dark eyes, and when he finished she

drew herself up to her full height, as stately as a queen, and there was a thrill in her tone that might have been of pain had not the indignation been stronger as she answered: 'Sir, I have no love to give a man who is disloyal to his country, and I count it an insult to be wooed by one who is a traitor to his King,' and she glanced at Asher's Continental uniform, as he stood before her, tall and handsome, every inch a soldier and a true gentleman.

"But, Mistress Mercy," he began, but she interrupted him: "It is useless for us to discuss this matter further, whatever my answer might have been once, I have but one decision now."

"Then, Mistress Mercy," said Asher, gently and gravely; "I have only this to say, that such is my great love for you, if you will not be my wife, none other ever shall be; and if you should happily ever change your mind (as I pray you may), remember I shall always be waiting; and whatever your mind may be, remember that while I live you always have a friend and protector in Asher Bradshaw." And, lifting to his lips the fine white hand he had taken in his, cold and trembling slightly, he turned and walked out through the oak hall, and down the prim-bordered walk, with a mist dimming all the fair scene to his eyes; for he was but a young man, and all the love of his youth had been given to Mercy Cuthbertson.

"So Asher marched away with his company to join Putnam. And the hearts of the good folk of Stanberry rose and sank with the fortunes of the little patriot army, all save Major Cuthbertson, who remained a bitter Tory, and who would no doubt have had his property confiscated but for the fact that he died before the second year of the war, and no one would trouble Mrs. Cuthbertson, though she held as a sacred duty to all her husband's beliefs, and read the prayers for the King morning and night, and shut herself up to mourn after each English defeat.

"How Mercy felt in the meantime no one knew. The social life was all broken up and political feeling held the most of their old neighbors aloof. It might have been her deep mourning that made her face look pale, but many a woman's face grew pale and grave in those long years. Now and then, at wide intervals, Asher Bradshaw returned to Stanberry to collect supplies, or recruit for the army; and if he and Mercy chanced to meet, their only recognition was a formal courtesy. However, in a seemingly careless way, she managed to gather from the housemaids whatever news was current in the town, and often, as she listened to stories of the soldier's suffering, her eyes grew wet; and wonderful was the amount of flannel and old linen Eunice Filder, the housekeeper, received at her hands, and which, being an ardent patriot, she at once dispatched to the army.

"Slowly but surely, with varying fortunes, the war went on, and Trenton was taken, and Burgoyne forced to surrender, and the Cowpens won. And then, one day, there came a post to Stanberry that the battle of Eutaw Springs had been fought, and among the slain was Colonel Asher Bradshaw. News traveled but slowly then, and it was weeks before a letter came that he had not been killed, but only badly wounded, and as soon as he was able was coming home. And, in the meantime, the joyful tidings came that Cornwallis had surrendered; and bells rang out, and bonfires blazed, and every where the people gave thanks for peace.

"And at last, one afternoon in late autumn, Asher Bradshaw, riding slowly, for his wound was not yet fully healed and his arm was still in a sling, rode down the familiar road, and saw once more the loved meadows and willow thickets that marked the river's course. But from the glad sight of his own home-chimneys beyond, his eyes came back to the red brick house he was nearing, with its prim-bordered walk, and tall rose trees now leafless and bare; and glancing up at the windows with a longing look, he sighed that he caught no sight of the face he would fain have seen. But as he drew nigh the gate, there was a rustling of the dry leaves, and behind the half-screening hedge a glimpse of a slender figure, and he reined in his horse with a vague but tumultuous hope of he hardly knew what.

"He was not mistaken, for Mercy Cuthbertson was coming swiftly down the walk, with her eyes shining, and a soft flush tinging her whole face, and going straight up to him, where, springing from his horse, he waited her, held out her hand with the single word uttered tremulously, and hardly above a whisper: 'Welcome.'

"And Asher took the fine, white hand in his, browned with the stain of hardship and battle since they last clasped, saying: 'Sweet Mistress Mercy, is it indeed welcome to me?'

"And, lifting to his her dark eyes, brimming with love and tears, she answered, shyly: 'Yes, Asher, it is welcome.'

"So when Asher Bradshaw's first-born son was laid in his arms, he said that, because had it not been for that word the Bradshaw race would have ended, and because to him it would always be the sweetest word in all the world, the child should bear the name of Welcome. And since then, for four generations, there has never failed a Welcome Bradshaw."

"Nor shall there in the fifth," said Grace, kissing the sleeping baby in her lap.—*Ela Thomas, in Current.*

"The inquisitive fellow may not be as sadder, but he is always a 'why' man."—*Merchant Traveler.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Emperor of Japan has been making a tour of the chief cities of his kingdom.

—The palace of the Mikado has been lighted for some time by electricity, and the Edison Company has closed a contract to illuminate the city of Tokio.

—The merchants of China are reported to be well satisfied with last year's business. Dealers in tea, silk and white manufacturers have all made money.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

—A tablet commemorating the fact that Queen Victoria is of Huguenot descent, the Queen of George I. having been the grand-daughter of a French Protestant, has been placed in the Huguenot chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral.

—According to the *Diaro Romano* it is now precisely 2,641 years since Mr. Romulus, C. E., first laid out the streets and lots of Rome, and the event is still celebrated in the Eternal City by the illumination of the Coliseum and the Forum, and by banquets at which the memory of the distinguished citizen is appropriately disposed of in silence.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Lord Gifford, an ex-judge of the Court of Sessions, Edinburgh, who died recently, has bequeathed £80,000 to found National Theology lectureships at the four Scottish universities. Edinburgh gets £25,000; Glasgow and Aberdeen, £20,000, and St. Andrews, £15,000.—*N. Y. Witness.*

—Vaccination is to be enforced among all the workmen employed on the coming Paris Exhibition. Each man will be vaccinated as soon as engaged, and the government will not only pay for the necessary medical treatment, but will continue the man's wages should his arm become bad and prevent him from working.

—Viscount de Penardiere, a journalist Frenchman, claims to have papers in his possession in the handwriting of Napoleon III., showing that the emperor contemplated marrying the Princess Imperial to an Orleans princess, thus settling the French succession in the same way that the English concluded the War of the Roses.—*Boston Budget.*

—Markneukirchen, a little town in Saxony, is the place where musical instruments are made, more especially violins, to which latter it owes the name of "Saxon Cremona." Its manufactures comprise nearly the whole flutes of instruments, such as guitars, flutes, clarionets (in brass and German silver), accordions, concertinas, zithers, bass-violins, violincellos.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Pope Leo's famous collection of laces has received an important addition. Some wealthy Catholics at Venice have presented to him a set of lace which they have caused to be executed at the late schools of Burano. The design is copied from the famous Rezzonico set, which was made for Clement XIII. by the Venetian treasurers, and which now forms part of the treasure of the House of Savoy and is occasionally worn by Queen Margaret.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Royal yachts east high in England. The original cost of the Victoria and Albert was about £136,000, and she has since had spent on her over £300,000. The Osborne's original cost was about £106,000, and she has had about £112,000 expended on her. The Albert's original cost was £27,000, with a subsequent expenditure of £58,000. The Elfin's original cost was £5,000, the subsequent expenditure being over £40,000. Besides these interesting items, the annual pay of the officers and crews of the royal yachts is close upon £50,000.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GERMAN OFFICERS.

The Social Privileges Enjoyed by the Commissioned Portion of the Army.

An American who has just come back from Germany treated several of us the other evening to a very interesting monologue on the German army in German society. When, late in the sixteenth century, Europe began to awake from feudalism, she did so very slowly, and almost regretfully. Some of the worst features of the feudal regime remained, and remain even to this day. They may present themselves under a new aspect, assume a guise less shocking to the modern eye, but they are essentially the same as they were four or five hundred years ago. In Prussia the common soldier gets for three years' service his board, which is, to express it mildly, very plain and frugal. Besides, he gets a remuneration of 20 pfennig—25 cents per day. A young Lieutenant, after graduating at five or six classic, polytechnic and military schools, is entitled to a salary of 150 marks, or \$37.50 a month. He is expected to provide for his uniform, and, if he is a cavalry officer, for his horse and servant. He has little expense in procuring a servant, for any common servant thinks himself happy to get a position as an officer's servant, with \$3 or \$4 a month. A Lieutenant from about 25 to 29 years old can not expect to be raised to the next highest rank, which is that of Captain, before attaining at least his thirty-sixth year. Besides, it is always morally certain that every young officer has to spend four or five years in an out-of-the-way garrison in some provincial town. Nevertheless, it is a fact, proved by statistics (the favorite science of Bismarck), that the number of young men desirous to become officers in the army increases steadily year after year.

Now, how is this to be accounted for? Only one reason can be given for it, but that is ample. Every young man who enters the army as candidate for the officership, in so doing joins

himself to the aristocracy of the land. His uniform opens to him the way to the highest circles of society. At all court circles he is introduced into the presence of the King or Kaiser, as the case may be. He is invited to all the great annual banquets, for which, however, he is obliged to pay his share. Thus it often happens that our Lieutenant dines on several courses of airy, but very expensive dishes, and after feasting on truffles and champagne, goes to a cheap restaurant to quiet the cravings of his stomach with leber-wurst and saurkraut, every German officer, from the beardless Lieutenant still in the habit of chewing candy to the gruff-voiced Major, hopes to make his fortune by marrying the daughter of a rich parvenu. And it is a fact that nine out of every ten do succeed. There is no shorter, surer, and, as far as the young marriageable maiden is concerned, no more agreeable way of becoming part of the elite than the marriage with an officer, a young one, if possible, but even an old one, rather than none at all. The art of flirtation is an accomplishment deemed absolutely indispensable in every officer. Flirting is the young Lieutenant's second nature. He flirts in the salon, in the theater, on the promenade. Only dueling is his greater passion. By the rules of the corps he is obliged to accept any challenge coming from a person not below him in social standing. The favorite duel of officers is the combat of swords, so called after the long and broad swords used. In this duel the fighting parties are half naked—i. e., the upper half of their bodies is exposed. If an officer is caught dueling he is arrested and nominally sentenced. But he never thinks of taking this seriously. If he refuses to accept a challenge his fellow officers compel him to leave the army.

It is a treat to watch a young Lieutenant while he is drilling his men. He has four or five corporals to assist him. His chief occupation is to stand motionless, but in threatening attitudes in the midst of the new soldiers. He very seldom says anything—that would be directly sacrificing his dignity. Whenever some unlucky recruit or other tries in vain to rouse himself to a due appreciation of the glories of the soldier's life, and the corporal uses livelier language than usual, our lieutenant frowns. It is seldom, very seldom, that more is needed to set all things right in a second. But even if after the frown the refractory soldier continues "thick-headed," the Lieutenant takes a step toward him. That is enough. Thus far no case is known where this extreme measure of discipline had not an immediate effect. The recruits are for the most part country people, good and honest, but stupid. They look upon the officers as a superior being. It never comes to their minds that he is made of the same clay as they themselves. The laws against insubordination are truly draconian. The other day a young, intelligent man was sentenced to three years' imprisonment because he had struck a low-minded corporal who had done his best to gall and insult the young man in every way he could.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Animal Worship in China.

At a recent meeting of the Pekin Oriental society in London, Mr. Owen read a paper on animal worship among the Chinese. He referred to the worship paid to the fox, weasel, hedgehog and snake, to which at Tientsin is added the rat. The first four are called the immortals. These deified animals seem to usurp the entire attention of the people, even to the exclusion of the Buddhist and Taoist gods. Dr. Edkins quoted from the Chinese to prove that animal worship was unknown in ancient times, while Dr. Dudgeon pointed out that it was a mistake to suppose that animal worship was confined to the four animals mentioned. The horse, cow, dog, insects, dragon, lion, etc. are worshipped. In the fifth month the centipede, lizard, scorpion, frog, and snake—the five poisonous animals, as they are called—are also objects of worship.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The Boston Post says that a very low churchman objected to one of the canticles sung at morning service, called the "Benedicite," because the invocation, "O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him forever," implied prayers to the dead. He went to a neighboring parson and proclaimed his grievance. "By the way, sir," answered the pastor, "let me call your attention to another invocation in the same canticle. It reads: 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord.'"

—Captain Johnson Stiles, an intelligent Piute Indian, says that the idea prevalent among the whites that the Putes are gradually diminishing in numbers is incorrect. The census returns of 1880 show that there were at that time only 8,700, but he says many of them were not counted, and that there were fully 8,000. He estimates the present number of the tribe at fully 9,000, and probably 9,500.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A grocer in New Haven, Conn., in order to detect the person who was taking too many of his hams, attached a bell to one of them. One night soon after he heard the bell ring, and going to his meat-house found a neighbor with the ham in his hand. Thereupon he told the man's wife that her husband stole hams, and now the pair have sued him for slander, laying the damages at \$100.—*Chicago Times.*

COMMON MANURE.

Its Decided Advantage Over All Sorts of Manufactured Fertilizers.

It is quite generally understood that barn manure has a mechanical effect on the soil which is not obtained from commercial fertilizers; that the large quantity of partially decayed vegetation it contains lightens up the soil and finally adds humus to it, but commercial fertilizers have a tendency to exhaust the humus and finally harden the soil and make it lumpy, unless the crops be of a character to leave a considerable quantity of vegetation to plow under each year.

This is an advantage of barn manure that is very generally understood by the farmers who give the subject the least thought; but there is another advantage which is too often entirely overlooked, which is the chemical action which barn manure has upon the soil while in the process of decomposition.

When barn manure decomposes it produces large quantities of carbonic acid gas which, when it mingles with the soil, has a tendency to decompose the soil itself, and as the soil is rich in plant food that is locked up in the stones, and unfavorable until separated, whatever is applied to the soil that will make it available is so much gained. It is true, the work of decomposition of the soil is always going on, but so slowly that it furnishes but a small part of what is needed for the growth of our forced crops.

In the woods, where Nature has her own way and is left to gather her own materials, the soil, by the exhalations from the roots of the trees, is decomposed fast enough to furnish the trees all of the mineral element necessary to secure a fair growth, and have quite a surplus in the soil for some future crop; but in field or garden crops we demand such large and rapid growth that we are compelled to assist nature by the application of materials that are at once available for plant food, and whatever we can apply that will assist Nature to manufacture plant food more rapidly from the soil will be of value, in addition to the chemist's valuation, so if the application of barnyard manure to the soil assists Nature in her wonderful and mysterious work of converting the stones into plant food it adds to its value, and it should have due credit for it.

Whenever barn manure is compared with commercial fertilizers it should always receive credit for what it is capable of doing in the way of hastening the decomposition of the soil. As the plant food locked up in the soil is inexhaustible, whatever we can apply that will make any of it available is so much clear gain to the farmer. It does not, as many believe, exhaust the soil, but rather improves it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

VALUE OF SHEEP.

Why They Are Almost Indispensable to Successful Farming.

We consider sheep as a necessary adjunct to good farming for the following reasons: For their size and the amount of food they consume, they make more valuable returns in manure than any other animals on the place. In the pasture in the summer their droppings are more evenly distributed over the land, and in winter in working down the refuse straw into manure, their droppings are more intimately intermixed therewith than are those of either horse or cow.

In order to obtain the best results from sheep, however, it is necessary that they have the run of a late fall and spring pasture when there is little or no grass, for which purpose there is nothing better than a field of early sown rye. Indeed it is surprising that farmers generally do not see and appreciate the superior advantages of a rye pasture for such purposes, both for sheep and milch cows. An acre of rye sown in August or September, on which a few dollars' worth of fertilizers are spent, will afford abundant pasturage for a cow for five or six weeks in early spring when there is no other green food to be had, and then not only produce a better crop, but increase the yield of butter and milk to such a degree as to be considerably more than not to be forgotten is a portable fence, by means of which the sheep, together with a few cattle, can be penned at night on the poorest parts of their summer range, which from time to time, as the fence is removed, should be sown with grass seed and well harrowed over, and thus a considerable quantity of the land be improved with but little expense while the cattle will prove an ample protection to the sheep from dogs.

Another great advantage sheep have over other farm stock is their immunity from contagious diseases. It is true they sometimes get the scab, or something of the sort, which, if allowed to run unchecked, may possibly carry some of them off. But these diseases are generally of such a character as yield readily to treatment. A lot of hogs may be fed on corn for months, and about the time they are ready for market some disease—no one knows what—attacks and carries them off, one by one, until few if any are left. This is no unusual occurrence, while sheep are happily exempt from any such rapid and fearful mortality. Besides, where a sheep dies, as sometimes they will, it never dies in debt to its owner—its pelt being sufficient to pay for its keep as much as twelve months after its last shearing.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Whatever makes the home dearer and sweeter, and more to be longed for than any other place on earth, must elevate its character, and bring it nearer its heavenly ideal—the eternal home above.